AN ACCOUNT

Of what paſſed at the

EXECUTION

OF

Sir Will. Parkyns, and Sir Joh. Friend,

At *Tyburn*, on *Friday*, *April* 3d. 1696.

THE Priſoners being drawn in a Sledge from *Newgate* to the Place of Execution, were permitted to have the Aſſiſtance of Three Miniſters of their own Chuſing; *Viz.* Mr. *Collyer*, Mr. *Cook*, and Mr. *Snet*.

Sir *W. Parkyns* came firſt up into the Cart, and had ſome private Diſcourſe with one of the Miniſters.

Sir *W. Parkyns*. When muſt I deliver my Paper?

Miniſter. When all is over.

Then the Executioner went to put the Rope about Sir *W. Parkyn's* Neck.

Sir *W. Parkyns*. May not I Pray before it be put on?

Executioner. Yes, Sir if you pleaſe.

Then Sir *J. Friend* came into the Cart; and the Miniſters and Priſoners all kneeling down, Mr. *Cook* read ſome Prayers out of the Morning Prayer, and the Office for Viſitation of the Sick: And then the Miniſters ſtanding up, aſk'd them whether they were in Charity with all the World? And if they had offended any, whether they did aſk them forgiveneſs? And whether they did deſire the Abſolution of the Church? Upon their Anſwer that they did, they laid their Hands upon their Heads, and Mr. *Cook* pronounced the Abſolution, which ended in theſe words: *And by His Authority committed to me, I abſolve thee from all thy Sins, In the Name of the Father*, &c.

Sir *W. Parkyns*. When are we to deliver our Papers?

Miniſter. Now, if you pleaſe.

Mr. *Sheriff*. Take what time you pleaſe, Sir, for your Devotions, we will wait your leiſure.

Then the Two Priſoners continued in their private Prayers, Sir *W. Parkyns* making uſe of the Prayers in the *Whole Duty of Man*, and Sir *J. Friend* read ſome Prayers out of a Written Paper; and afterwards Sir *W. Parkyns* delivered to the Sheriffs a Paper.

Mr. *Sheriff*. If you require any more time, you ſhall have it. You ſay this is your Paper?

Sir *Will. Parkyns*, Yes Sir, and I deſire you to diſpoſe of it as you think fit.

Mr.

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Mr. *Sheriff*. Have you any thing to say, by way of Confession or Denial, of the Fact for which ye came hither to Suffer?

Sir *Will. Parkyns*. What I think fit to say, is contained in that Paper.

Mr. *Sheriff*. If you desire more time, you may have it; you shall have your Liberty.

Then Sir *J. Friend* held a Paper up.

Mr. *Sheriff*. What do you say, Sir *John*?

Sir *J. Friend*. Sir, Here is a Paper, I desire it may be Printed: For I came here to Dye, and not to make a Speech; but to dye, and to resign my self to God; and I desire it may be Printed for all People to see it. And I have no more to say, but to beg of God to receive my Soul; I resign my Soul to him.

Mr. *Sheriff*. The Lord have Mercy upon you.

Sir *J. Friend*. I hope the Lord will have Mercy on me.

Mr. *Sheriff*. Sir *John*, If you desire any more time, you shall have it; we will wait on you with great willingness.

Sir *J. Friend*. I thank you Sir. Mr. *Sheriff*, I desire the Cart may not be too hasty to go away, till we give a sign.

Mr. *Sheriff*. You shall have your own time; take your time, communicate your own Sign, and the Cart shall not go before.

Then the Ropes were tyed about them.

Sir *J. Friend*. I have no Animosity against any Man, I freely forgive all, and I hope God for Christ's sake will forgive me.

Then their Caps were put on.

Sir *J. Friend*. My Saviour had a Crown of Thorns for me; the Lord receive my Soul, The Lord have Mercy upon me.

Then the Executioner told them both forgiveness, and they answered: We freely forgive you.

Sir *J. Friend*. Will not the things lye in my way?

Executioner. I will remove them. If you please, tell me when I may pull your Caps over your Eyes.

Prisoners. When you will.

Sir *Wil. Parkyns*. The Lord receive my Spirit. Executioner, shall I best hold up my Legs, or stand in the Cart when it goes away?

Executioner. It is best to stand, Sir, I think.

Sir *Wil. Parkyns*. But then my Feet will hang in the Cart.

Executioner. If you please, give me notice when you will have the Cart go away.

Sir *J. Friend*. Stretch forth thy Arms, O Lord, and receive my Soul! O Lord, for thy Son's sake receive my Soul, and carry it into Heaven, I beseech thee. Executioner, when we knock, go away.

And after a few Ejaculations, they gave the Sign, and the Cart drew away.

They both of them gave Money to the Executioner; and having hung above half an hour, being a considerable time after they were dead, they were cut down and quartered according to the Sentence.

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